l: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

guardian of my soul!" he cried. Then he wheeled his horse and raced off with his riders.

Tra'd ibn Sattam took the leading rope of Tuëma's camel from the slave and led her past the marching tribe. For all the dire distress, a festive spirit animated the whole people. It was a festal day, for the Ruala had a queen again—a virgin in the sacred Ark; and under her symbolic leadership they pressed forward to their destiny.

Evening came and the whole tribe made camp. But in the grey of the next dawn they were on the march again.

Armed motor-cars circled about the widespread herds and guarded the flanks of the great migration. Despite the fact that we marched in close formation, it was inevitable under the conditions that single families or even groups of them, with their camels, should lag behind or struggle in detachments; these would be an easy prey for the enemy, of whose presence we were fully aware from the surprise attacks made each day by strong mounted bands and the appearance of numerous hostile fighting-motors.